

# *Sketch*

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## Rhapsodie

Gary Zmolek\*

\*Iowa State College

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# Rhapsodie

Gary Zmolek

## **Abstract**

It is time. It is time. It is almost day Almost day and, God knows why, There are so many ways to whirl the snow, The snow that whirls and stays, All day. It finds a vein within your arm, Then creeps away. That snow...

# Rhapsodie

*by Gary Zmolek*

*English, Senior*

It is time. It is time. It is almost day  
Almost day and, God knows why,  
There are so many ways to whirl the snow,  
The snow that whirls and stays,  
All day. It finds a vein within your arm,  
Then creeps away. That snow. It lasts  
Cracks it, makes it flow a different way,  
Does you harm, that snow. That snow.  
It clouds in on a breath of wind. It takes.  
It stays. It whirls around so many ways.  
It hooks behind your ears and eyes. It grows.  
It knows the melody and the rapture as it longs  
To lay, to taste the song, to stay.  
Ah, song, lay long. Aaah stay, aaaaah silver song .